Memories long Repressed.

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by Caronaro

Summary

Dante had time to relax in the bus during a long ride to their next destination.

So, of course he is gonna think a little bit!

Maybe.

Maybe just a little too much.

Or: Dante has a memory-induced Panic attack.

Notes

HELLO, I LOVE OUR NON-BINARY MANAGER AND THEIR SILLY ODEAS OF A BACKSTIRY

I tried my best to wrote every sinners, forgive me-

This can be read from the standpoint of...about heartbreaking or unforgiving? It doesn't matter, just a point where the sinners care more about each other!

This baxkstory isnt canon!! Just my ideas of a Dante that may have had some. Issues.

Also, there is blocked text and YES, there is meant to be smth written there. Colors and such

ANYWAY ENJOY AND COMMENT, IM CURUOUS WHAT YOU THINK

See the end of the work for more notes

Dante was sitting in the very corner seat of the bus.

For all reasons considered, this was nothing of an unusual response while they waited for their arrival to the next destination.

Whether it be a Golden Bough or a simple quest for some strange distortion they needed to solve, it was a mystery.

Vergilius had as always, not quite told them where they were going. Like at all.

As usual, a surprise for no one!

There was no need to prepare for such a situation, when all the sinners needed was a bit of banter, food and the comfort of each other.

If one could call such company comfort, but it felt like every single adventure and sinner getting their comfort…brought them closer.

Something stirred in Dante.

The feeling was forgotten just as quickly.

Quietly readjusting themselves, they rested their clock on their hand, leaning against the windowsill, looking at all the passing locations.

Buildings over Buildings, where if you were as unaware as a rock, you could almost call the view beautiful and perfect.

The shining lights, the thriving parts, the cloudy sky…perhaps some would say that this was a great view.

Of course, Dante and everyone in this bus knew better.

If you were just in that place, it would be ten times worse, especially when every corner lurks with people that just wanted to slaughter them in every way possible.

Bring them pain, decapitate them, make sure they never, ever come back.

But luckily for them, death wasn't permanent.

Just 12 contracts and death was just another inconvenience, a simple mistake written off to later be nothing more than a memory.

Even if it brought them immense pain and suffering, it brought the others back in a jiffy! That's all that was needed of them, always and for forever.

Or till the contract was completed.

A.

Weirdly unpleasant thought.

If they had been honest with themselves, it had been quite a while since they rested like this, all alone and without interruption.

The bus was full of banter, people needing to have a talk, little chatters and the need to be the perfect manager and therapist for everyone around.

Not that they minded! Of course they didn't, they have gotten quite used to it!

It was just…comforting.

Comforting to have a moment of silence where nobody, not even Faust talked to them.

Speaking of Faust, they brought their gaze lazily over, noticing her talking to Vergilius about something.

Company stuff probably.

Company stuff they will barely know, even if it's necessary.

They rubbed a steady finger over their leg, tapping away but getting slower with each movement, relaxation setting in with the rumbles of the bus.

Charon was doing a great job as a bus driver, that was nothing short of true, even with her lack of directional knowledge.

The bus was also doing well. Quite the good bus, if they say so themselves.

Quietly sighing, they could barely care for what was going on with the rest of the sinners for once, deciding to just overview for a second for safety.

Can't have any big arguments breaking out by accident.

Alright, Yi Sang and Meursault were chatting away about something with those calm faces, Don and Rodion were happily going about their day too, seeming to bring Gregor into the conversation somehow-

Hong Lu was with Ishmeal, Heathcliff was relaxing on his own, Outis was starting to go over to Yi sang and Sinclair was with Ryōshǔ, calmly talking to one another.

All was calm, all was well.

….Their mind started to drift with it, leaning more into the comfort of the silence and the thoughts that came with it.

Blurring out everything else, they pondered what they could with the time that they didn't spend planning and thinking of ways to help sinners.

Hmm…

No, I wouldn't want to think of villains. Don't have any real questions that they answer…most monsters are easy to beat or understand, traumas are quite easy-

Ah!

Now that Dante really thought about it, they could casually try to pry one of the rare memories of their past self out of their mind.

Would it work? Probably not.

Was it a fun idea because they never did it before as far as they know?

Surely!

So, the Clock thought for a good moment of a word that might help the connection, seeing if anything would click into place.

Just like Ishmeal with her harpoon or whales, just like Sinclair with basements and Gregor with bugs.

Sin? No. Vergilius? Really not. Food? Nah. Blood, murder, death? That's just everyday. Family? Not even a single bit! The sinners? Very familiar. Attachment?

Well.

….

Attachment?

That word stuck in their mind for a bit longer than necessary.

What a strange word. It sounded so foreign for a moment, sounding wrong to even try to wordlessly pronounce.

They tapped their fingers harder against their leg, feeling a reaction flowing through their veins at the mere mention.

It. Sounded wrong.

That word.

But, wait-! That means it could lead to their memories! Maybe thinking more of the meaning could help!

Continuing on, Dante kept going, thinking of the definition of the

word as their ticking started to get just a bit louder.

It's nothing.

That's fine, now to the definition-

Attachment is a thing you can have to objects, meanings and especially people. It means you really like something and don't want to let it go, getting closer and closer.

Maybe unconsciously adoring such a thing, even if your brain says no.

Your body may still respond!

Like right now, with their body slightly shivering and the thumb tapping getting faster and weirdly out of rhythm.

That's fine. It'll go down. That's just how it is and their stupid self.

Keep going. What could be such a thing?

Such a thing…

….

For a moment.

Nothing even caught on with the word.

Not a word. Not a person. Not an Object. Not even a singular idea.

It was like such a concept was foreign to their brain, never getting such a close connection to something to form such a thing.

Something so useless.

Something so…out of reach, something so unneeded.

Their flames burned a bit brighter, their gloved fingers digging into their thighs.

That's fine. The sensation of pain is as natural as breathing and somehow, it felt that even in their past, such pain felt delightful.

How wrong.

The sinners would probably-

…

The

The sinners.

Suddenly, that word. That word rang back to them.

The sinners.

What were the sinners?

An Attachment?

…

It felt like their body was burning, like their lungs were trying to expel air at an abnormal rate.

The fire burned more. They clenched so hard that they might be bleeding. They shook. They shook more.

But it felt so.

Dante stared at nothing as he heard faint sounds, the windowsill nothing more than support.

Was someone

An attachment.

The sinners were something they adored.

Weren't they?

So human. So complex. Filled with so much love and hatred, with desperation and obsessions, with losses and feelings.

“---------?”

Someone said

They were beautiful.

And Dante really lo

Dante

Dante?

They

They didn't

But they did

A

Memory

W

“Hah!”

THUMP.

The head of a human fell on the ground, their face bloodied by the liquid they decided to spill on the ground, going up to the sky forevermore.

Oh, if there was something up there! *Wouldn't that be sweet?*

Dante smiled, brushing a gloved hand through their □□□□□□ and □□□□□, bringing the waves back and making sure none blood smeared through It.

The look in their □□□□□ eyes was nothing short of happy, because why wouldn't they be?

The task they set out for the week was completed!

Kneeling down, making sure that none of the grotesque blood was already coming on their red coat, they lead a hand over the corpse.

All these big, scary heads acting all mighty…and then they drop like flies with the right weapons!

Today, they had chosen a dagger. Flexible, quick and with enough weight, can cut off a neck in seconds.

Could also do that with their hands, but that was a bit too violent for today.

The guards barely even noticed them, or didn't stay alive long enough to tell the tale.

Another chuckle ripped from their throat, lightly pulling at the shirt and getting real close.

“You barely even screamed! Quite disappointing if you ask me, my dear Head!”

Oh, it was so easy.

So nice to see someone fall when they just had themselves, not needing another stupid person or a whole team.

Why would they want to waste time on some other person struggling with this work?

With these decisions?

Staring at the corpse once more, they couldn't help but question one thing, flicking the dagger around and putting it in their pocket.

Tapping their finger against their chin, keeping quiet to listen for any guards that may arrive, any security, any person to witness such crime-

….

But none of the sort.

Perfect!

Their practice round for this weird thing shall go smoothly!

…Despite themselves, it took a minute to actually get the movement in, readjusting their hands to grab onto the shoulders, staring at the headless body.

They stared.

They stared for a bit longer actually.

Maybe a bit too long.

How.

How do you do this again?

Urgh, the body was probably all cold and icky already-

Taking a deep breath, squinting their gaze and slowly coming closer… they started to wrap their arms around the back, trying to not be horribly stiff.

This felt weird. This was weird.

Yet they kept going, leaning in more and more into the kneeled body, resting their head on the shoulder till their entire body was wrapped in their hands.

Staying like this.

….

Dante quietly felt.

Usually, people do it back by wrapping their arms around, engulfing others in warmth, no?

No, that was supposed to happen.

And it was usually warm.

…it was so cold.

The body's warmth was vanishing already, the limp and stiff motion not helping his case.

This was so disgusting and the stomach pressed into their scarred one, remembering them of their missed check-up.

Right, you're supposed to check on self-inflicted wounds sometimes, huh?

"....Wow, this sucks! Didn't know people liked this weird stuff.'

Oh well! Dante dropped the body back on the ground, finally standing up and dusting off their red coat, kicking the body away.

Useless as always, not even worth as a test dummy!

And they could hear some faint footsteps, so it was time to go to some other random place to highjack.

Or to get some food. *God, they were hungry, that shop they went to once should have some good kebab-*

They stepped on the windowsill, quickly grabbing the frame and checking the height they were at.

A precise jump should do the work and they could always slow themselves down with the dagger!

Easy enough.

“Well, bye bye then, Mister corpse! I have other things to do.”

Better things than this.

And as they jumped down, it all went to static

Because

Because it all faded

Because they didn't

Need anyone to catch them

Because

Be

T H EY COU LDNT B R E A T H E-

Every part of their body was burning, decaying, ROTTING AND BURNING ITSELF-

“Manager bud! W— the —-!’

They couldn't hear, their chest was tightening, EVERYTHING HURTS AND ALL THESE MEMORIES WERE THERE-

USELESSUSELESSUSELESS-

“A-Are you alright-? Wait, this happened to- it happened with her, just t-”

<DON'T TOUCH ME-!>

They didn't register that they kicked Sinclair away.

They didn't register the corner that they balled themselves in, gripping their clock so hard that it might as well bruise.

Pain seemed to be a panic response for them.

In more ways than one.

The ringing was so loud, it was all so overwhelming, WHY COULDN'T THEY BE BETTER-?

THEY SHOULD DEAL WITH THIS ALONE, THEYALWAYSDIDIALWAYSDIDWHYCANTINOW-

They needed to grip, they needed to feel, they grabbed their arms and gripped and gripped and GRIPPED AND GRIPPED-

“AH- M—sault———-”

“I-”

They couldn't hear. They deserve it, THEY MUST-

….

Something gripped their arms and forced them away from the pain, ignoring their thrashing and kicking.

The figure was big. The figure was tall. They couldn't recognize the figure and for once spilled something from their clock.

Are they leaking?

Voices mixed together like a mixed dough-

“Oh, dear, uhm- since when was Dante able to-”

“Everyone, stay away from our executive manager! You're all clearly making it worse!’

“Faust…wasn't aware that they could do such a thing with their head anymore.”

“WHO CARES ABOUT THAT CURRENTLY-?! We need to cool them down-”

“Ah- This reminds me of-”

“S.Y.F.M.”

“...S-Shut your fucking mouth.”

They wanted to sob. We're they already sobbing?

Panicked breaths forced themselves out, rapid, uncoordinated ticking filling the room as they couldn't fight against the restraints anymore.

Their mind was in turmoil, fighting against itself.

They shouldn't care.

The sinners shouldn't care.

THEY DIDN’T- THEY NEVER FELT SUCH A LIFE WITH PEOPLE BEFORE-

THEYWERERUININGITTHEYWERERUININGIT-

“Manager.”

A calm voice cut through with its bug parts, ones they recognized from all that far back.

Their shoulders shook tremendously, forcing the sobs back down.

“Ah- Meursault, could ya be a little more gentle? You're breaking his arms a tad there.”

“That wasn't my intention. I only wanted to keep the Manager from harming others and themselves, as it seemed necessary for the situation.”

“Yes, yes. That's good, but you're kinda freaking ‘em out right now, so you can stop.”

“Understood. I hope you're aware of what you're doing.”

Something lifted in their chest as their arms were released, keeping from hurting themselves just for the others.

Instead they furled up and hugged themselves instead, breathing heavy.

“Alright, uhm…Yi Sang, While I do this, can ya get a glass of water?”

“On my way.”

That sounded nice.

Especially because crying felt extremely draining and weak and something they never actually did in their life for the entirety of it for never ever and ever.

Isn't that usually very normal for a person?

They're not a person though.

“Manager? You hearing me alright?”

Blinking with non-existent eyes, they barely nodded, seeing a yellow haired figure in their vision.

The brown and yellow.

….Wasn't…

Their head hurt.

“Gregor! May I assist thou in any way? I wouldn't want our manager to suffer all alone from such horrible demons!”

“Uhh..no, it's fine. Thank you for the attempt though, Lad.”

Finally, the attention was on them, leaving and hugging themselves for comfort.

“Alright. I'm gonna need you to follow along with me. Can you do that as of currently?”

Pathetic. Pathetic how they have to follow others commands for comfort and help.

But they nodded again. Out of politeness. Out of habit.

What habit?

“I need you to breathe in for 3 seconds…and then out for another 3. Just like this.”

A motion was made.

One breath was taken in. And another out.

Another voice chimed in.

“Faust admits that this is a good idea. It regulates breathing and makes sure to bring it back to normal by simple exercise. Continue these if you want to feel better.”

“Yes, yes, what she says.”

…They wanted to listen.

Something inside them hated all this, not needing the support, not needing the help as they helped themselves their whole life!

No companions, no guide, no friends, no family, no risky connections or any signs of-

They cut themselves off at that horrible word.

Slowly, they forced themselves to repeat Gregor's actions.

3 in.

…

3 out.

..

3 in.

Bump Bump.

3 out.

Bump….Bump.

3 in.

3 out.

Bump. Bump.

Dante breathed steadily, loosening the self-hug and staring down at their knees, brushing over them as a sort of comfort.

Silent sniffles and leftover ticks left their throat, probably filled with snorax if they had any way to produce snot.

No words were spoken. No sinner had spoken for once.

A quiet thumbs up was given, along with a quiet whisper.

<Thank- Thank…you.>

There was a soft smile greeting them, along with a lot more eyes on the right side of their vision.

“It's all good. We- Thank you.”

“No problem.”

Quickly, a glass of water brought from Yi Sang was given, staring at it before almost everyone in the room realized the same thing.

“Ah. I-”

<No- No, don't apologize. It's the thought that counts.>

Just holding the glass of water felt comforting somehow.

It was enough. It was an effort. A show that they care.

….Carefully and with the help of Gregor and Don who had stepped over, they stood up once more.

Now that they stood there after their little panic attack out of nowhere.

They suddenly felt really not-okey-dokey with this.

<I. Uhm. I. Apologize profusely for t->

“Executive Manager, you do NOT have to apologize for having a panic attack!”

“Yeah, Clockface. What the hell are you thinking that we judge you for that?!”

They wanted to sink into a puddle and die actually, that was a neat thought.

<Uh->

Maybe responding wasn't such a good idea, as only more responses came that was to their overwhelmed brain.

“Yeah, Sweet, how do I say this…in the best way possible?”

Tilting their head and forgetting their precious thought, they tried replying-

“Ah~! You see, you're crying from the lines of your clock, dear Manager!”

What.

<What.>

They traced their gloved hand over their clockface, not believing what had just been-

No.

No, that's definitely a liquid.

…A liquid. Sure, that's a liquid, but what kind?

“Are thou bleeding tears from those lines-?”

“Faust will verify. It seems to be a mix between oil, blood…”

Taking a step closer, she took his gloved hand and inspected the fluids closely.

How did they cry?

They sure couldn't cry before and it felt like they never even cried in

their entire life.

Probably wrong.

“...Tears. It also has teats mixed into the liquid.”

“Tick-tock normal again?”

Dante nearly flinched at the sound of Charon speaking, looking down upon the gray little girl and rubbing their hands.

Can't worry her of all people-

<Nono, I'm alright-! Just a little accident, nothing more->

“Is that so, Dante?”

Ohgodareyoukiddingme.

Great. They didn't notice Vergilius entering the room as well, because all senses failed them today.

Maybe getting buried is better actually.

All the sinners looked in some way, ones they couldn't decipher as easily as before in their tired, tear-drunk haze.

They couldn't help but take a shaky step back at the grey man, those red eyes staring them down like a drill.

Please. Please be merciful-

“Did this happen on purpose?”

…Silently, they shook their head and a reply was given.

“As much as I would have preferred otherwise, it was out of nowhere…”

Ishmeal was his small relief and Outis decided to halfly crush all that in a single sentence.

“Executive Manager, why did you have a panic attack? Is it mental stress?”

All eyes were on them as they expected an answer.

And…well, they could give one! Truly! Surely, with the fact that they…

They…

Don't remember what. They were thinking about.

But they can't just say nothing!!! THEY CAN'T-!

A white lie won't hurt. Not even a lie, so it's Fine, it's fine-

<...It came out of nowhere. Work stress, maybe.>

They sunk their clock down towards the floor, not anymore meeting anyone's gaze.

Perhaps they expected beratement. How such a good-working Manager could lose control over something they didn't even know-

But…But-

“And you're gonna make sure it won't happen again. Correct, Dante?”

…Another nod, albeit hesitant.

“...Then, I will excuse this if it was out of your control. But don't let it happen again.”

They flinched in surprise.

Mercy? MERCY UPON THEIR SOUL!

Vergilius walked away without another word, leading Charon away from the ordeal as Yi Sang patted his shoulder.

“Just say when you are in a poor mindset, Manager.’

….Poor mindset.

Sure.

Let's go with that then.

If they don't remember, it must have been not important.

Just another malfunction in their clock.

As long as they are with their sinners, they're alright. They're okay.

It'll all be okay.

End Notes

The idea of an amnesiac character that now has people that surround them with trust and affection.

And in the past, absolutely had never had one.

Wouldn't they be a bit obsessed?

Maybe a little bit desperate?

Maybe wanting to stay in this bubble of obliviousness so they can be happy forever with their family?

Please drop by the Archive and comment to let the creator know if you enjoyed their work!